Hell. Haile Madame, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me ſay when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behinde an ancient ſubſtitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Th. Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deere *Thaiſa*, this is he, now do I long to heare how you were found? how poſſibly preſerued? and who to thank (beſides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods ſhewne their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolue you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beſeech you firſt goe with me vnto my houſe, where ſhall be ſhewne you all was found with her; how ſhe came plac'ſt here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaiſa* this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, ſhall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes me looke diſmall, will I clip to forme, & what this fourteene years no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credite, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Star of him, yet there my Queene, wee'l celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelues will in that kingdome ſpend our following dayes; our ſonne and daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing ſtay,
To heare the reſt vntolde, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monſtrous luſt, the due and iuſt reward:

In

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter ſeen
Although aſſaylde with Fortune fierce an
Vertue preferd from fell deſtructio
Led on by heauen, and crownd wit
In *Hellicanus* may you well deſcry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charity aye weare
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when
Had ſpread their curſed deed, the ho
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burn
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content,
To puniſh, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience euermore atte
New ioy waite on you, heere our pl

FINIS.